The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

"He made as though he would have gone farther."

'Twas at this hour, upon the world's great day,
Two men of sorrow went upon their way.
Of bitter death they made their bitter moan;
And one drew nigh, and with them walked unknown.

So draw thou nigh to us, dear and dread Lord;
So to earth's mourners sacred hope afford;
If yet we know thee not, reveal our need:
Show us thyself, the dead Christ, risen indeed.

'Twas at this hour the sacred Wayfarer
With strange, sweet yearning made their hearts to stir;
Then, when he would go on, as one constrained
Of prayer, "Abide with us," returned, remained.

So, Lord, abide with us, day is far spent;
Be thou constrained to this thy dear intent;
Hast thou done all, and shall that all be vain?
Blest Wayfarer, reveal thyself again.

'Twas at this hour they won him to their board,
And suddenly, behold! it was the Lord;
For he took bread and blessed it, and anon
He gave it to them. And the Lord was gone.

So go not now: abide and bless and break
Till all our bread is holy, for thy sake;
O Life, be Life indeed, true faith afford,
Let *us* cry, also, "We have seen the Lord."

Holy Songs.

JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION.

"Jesus and the resurrection."—ACTS xvii. 18.

It cannot be said that the belief in another life for man is peculiar to Christians: we should say rather that it is peculiar to man. But it is a faith which greatly needs to be increased and purified; and the Christian world has gained more than can be told,—indeed, more than it yet knows,—because its belief in another life is so inseparably blended with its belief in Jesus. This is true whether we have regard to the quantity or the quality of this faith.

1. Would you believe in immortality as you believe in life, not as one guess among many, not as an opinion, not as a hope however dear; would you be held by it, and not anxiously and painfully hold it,—fix your eyes upon Jesus, listen to his speech of faith, learn to trust in him, strive to rise into his trust, let him breathe upon you the breath of his divine life and say to you also, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Because I live ye shall live also." Before you as before the chosen disciples he shall be transfigured. He shall say to you as to Mary, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God"; and the clouds of earth shall become clouds of glory as they receive him out of your sight. Even a world of doubt, that takes counsel of flesh and blood and seeks the living among the dead, proclaims him immortal, and seems to say, "Let what will perish, let who will die, he dies no more: over him death hath no dominion."

2. Would you know where and what and whose is this world to come? The answer is, It is where Jesus is; it is what he makes it to be; it is for him and his. There, too, as here, all power is given unto him; and, if he is the light of this world, how much more of that world! There, too, as here, not age, not condition, not moral nor spiritual pov-

erty, not even the folly which has spoken words against him, can separate a soul from the Master's seeking and ministry: only they must dwell apart who obstinately resist and blaspheme his Holy Spirit. All souls are his, though their time on earth was the infant's day or the patriarch's age. Simeon and Anna see in heaven the glory which they lingered to behold on earth; and there is care and love for the little ones who are caught up into that presence where there is fulness of joy, while their brows are still wet with the water of holy baptism. He who was much displeased when his disciples rebuked those who brought young children to him on earth will still take them to his arms in heaven. It is the Father's house, it is the children's home and gathering-place,—not because they were wise and mighty on earth, and in that short day one overtopped the other a little and left a name behind: they gather as children, precious in the sight of God in their living, their dying, and their rising, precious with a price which only God knows; and for the humblest and the utterly unknown there is a kingdom prepared before the foundation of the world through him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

3. And this other world is his whose glory was so altogether spiritual and moral, the strong Son of God because he was immortal Love; and we may well believe that the divine purpose which runs so slowly through these mortal years and ripens so slowly here is evermore fulfilled there, and no longer the wisdom of God in a mystery; that the very air above is an air of glory and righteousness, the bread and water of that heavenly life. There is an expectation of a life to come which lacks all moral quality, and includes no blessed hope of rest for the weary, and no encouragement to listen for a voice which bids us, "Come up higher." But Jesus speaks of those who are counted worthy of the resurrection, and bids us look forward to a world of which he himself shall be a pure Brightness compared with which the heavens are not clean, where names and forms shall go for nothing, and only they that do the commandments shall have a right to the Tree of Life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. So when, taught by him, we pray, "Thy will be done on earth," we ever add "even as it is done in heaven." And so the joy which is set before us can be no joy to those who in this world have lived unto their senses and have turned their backs upon God and duty. It is a step onward and upward when we pass from time into eternity,—to be feared only by the unwise, and yet to be prepared for with a religious thoughtfulness and prayer, that we may not be so much unclothed as clothed upon when our mortality shall be swallowed up of life and we shall stand in that wondrous Presence.

With solemn joy then, my friends, and as those for whom even this Queen of the Christian Festivals can be no mere holiday, let us take up the gospel of Jesus and the Resurrection, and bid his disciples look up to that bright and holy world where their Lord reigns. It has received during the past year not a few, great and small, from whom we would not be divided. May they and we still be at one in Him by whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, whose rising this day did raise, and whose life on earth and among men shall more and more interpret for us what is behind the veil, and fashion us to that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord! Those lips so wise as well as loving were not free to speak many things of the world beyond; only so much as might help us to do the work and to bear the burdens of this mortal life; but in that spirit we have an earnest of the place, of its employments, its fellowships, its happiness,—that we shall find there the path of a divinely human life, that our longing souls shall be satisfied with the plenteousness of that house on high, and shall drink of its pleasures as out of the river of God.

"Jesus and the Resurrection" is ever the gospel for this life, that in the power of it we may rise from the death of sin into the immortality of righteousness; and, when our lamp burns low, and the message comes to us, "Set thine house in order," the word to our waiting spirits is still "Jesus and the Resurrection." And is it not just what we should look for, that, when the dear scenes and the precious forms of earth are fading before our closing eyes, we should strive with such inward vision as we may have gained to meet Him who comes to receive each one of us unto himself? Is it not exquisitely natural that small and great in all this household of God on earth should claim an

equal portion in that descending Love; that Jesus and the Resurrection should be all one to them, and their consciousness of fellowship with him their assurance of life and immortality, and their going forth no more into a great darkness, but into light glorious and unspeakable, because of that world as of this he is the unfading Brightness?

Rufus Ellis.

THE STILL HOUR.

THE LAST ANSWER.

Dying eyes, what do you see?—
I see the love that holdeth me;
The look that, lighting, leans to bless;
The little daily tenderness;
Smiles without words; the sweet, sure sign
Which says in silence, I am thine.
Returning feet met at the door,—
Alas for those which run no more!
Ah me! for lips that whispered, "Dear!
Earth is all heaven, for thou art here."
I see a figure like a stone;
The house where one sits all alone.
O God, have pity! for I see
The desolated needing me.

Dying eyes, what do you see?—
I see the Love that taketh me.
Loud in the breakers, soft in song,
Ever the summons calleth strong.
I see upon an unknown strand
The signal of a distant Hand.
The leaf is light, the bud is out,
Floods of May colors float about.
The pulse leaps high, the heart is young,
The sweetest chimes are yet unrung.
My bravest deeds I never did;
And, struggling with the coffin-lid,
Hopes, dreams, and joys and happy tears
Start, throbbing, to live down the years.

Almighty! Listen! I am dust.
Yet spirit am I: so I trust.
Let come what may, of life or death,
I trust thee with my sinking breath.
I trust thee, though I see thee not
In heaven or earth or any spot.
I trust thee till I shall know why
There's one to live and one to die.
I trust thee till thyself shall prove
The Lord of life and death and love.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

There are hours of bereavement which come to us all, when those we love the most and who love us best disappear from our side and leave us alone. In those sad moments we say: "Shall I ever see thee again, my brother, my friend, thou whose love for me was so wonderful? Has this most blessed gift of human life been given only to be taken away again? What proof have I of immortality? The old arguments which seemed strong enough when I had all I loved about me are too weak now! Open your lips, O secret, hidden from the foundation of the world! Where have they gone, —the wise, the tender, the noble souls whose friendship made life worth living?"

At such times argument is worthless. We do not wish to have a future life made probable: we wish to know it. And Jesus never argues for immortality by our methods of reasoning. He beholds it by a mighty intuition, and speaks of it with a certainty which awakens our own deepest faith. He says: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The only sufficient evidence of future immortality is present immortality. He who lives now in the presence of eternal things,—God, truth, justice, infinite love, a perfect Providence,—he finds immortal life abiding in him. This inward experience of eternal things makes us sure of undying being. Death disappears from our sight while we thus live: only life remains. Every prayer for strength to do our duty brings us into communion with the unseen world. Every faithful effort to do well, every hour of patient endurance, puts us into communion with the things above. Thus Jesus, by lifting us into a nobler region of present life, plants within us convictions of immortality. "He who lives and believes in me shall never die."

James Freeman Clarke.

We thank thee for the dear and faithful dead; for those who have made the distant heavens a home for us, and whose truth and beauty are even now in our hearts. One by one thou dost gather the scattered families out of the earthly light into the heavenly glory, from the distractions and strife and weariness of time to the peace of eternity. We thank thee for the labors and the joys of these mortal years. We thank thee for our deep sense of the mysteries that lie beyond

our dust, and for the eye of faith which Thou hast opened for all who believe in thy Son to outlook that mark. May we live altogether in thy faith and love, and in that hope which is full of Immortality.

Rufus Ellis.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

[*Send all matter for this department, both* REQUESTS AND OFFERS, *to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.*]

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Eastport Alliance. Address Mrs. O. B. Whalen, Eastport, Maine. "English Humorists," Thackeray; "Evangeline," Longfellow; "Lady of the Lake," Scott; "Morals and Manners," Martineau; "Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne; "Treasure Island," Stevenson; "Titus: A Comrade of the Cross," Kingsley; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1897; *McClure's Magazine*, 1895–97; *New England Magazine*, 1893; *Review of Reviews*, 1894, 1895, 1896; *Youth's Companion*, 1895; few copies *School Journal* of 1897.

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the *first* request.

Educational.

Hillard's "Fifth and Sixth Readers"; Coppée's "Elements of Logic"; Walton's "Practical Arithmetic."

French.—Collot's "French Dialogues"; "Œuvres de Florian"; Larousse's "Grammaire Littéraire"; Noël's "Histoire de la Langue and de la Littérature"; Ollendorff's "Method"; "Key to Ollendorff's Method"; Sainte-Beuve's "Portraits de Femmes"; Florian's "Guillaume Tell"; Florian's "Galatée Pastorale"; Florian's "Numa Pompilius"; Eugène Scribe's "Théâtre"; "Elisabeth, ou l'Exile de Sibérie"; Chardenal's "First French Course"; "Œuvres de Racine."

German.—Schiller's "Neffe als Onkel"; Freytag's "Journalisten"; Auerbach's "Dorfgeschichten"; Hoffmann's "Novellen"; Lessing's "Nathan der Weise"; Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans"; Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea."

Fiction.

Longfellow's "Kavanagh"; Bulwer's "Caxtoniana"; "Don Quixote"; Ebers's "Bride of the Nile"; Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor"; Scott's "Kenilworth"; Kingsley's "The Hermits"; Frederika Bremer's "The Midnight Sun"; Crockett's "The Stickit Minister"; Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans"; Cooper's "The Deer-Slayer."

Poetry.

Thomson's "Seasons"; "Universal Songster"; Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy"; Young's "Night Thoughts"; Charles Sprague's "Poems"; Pierpont's "Poems"; "Paradise Lost"; Hemans's "Poems"; A. A. Procter's "Poems"; Mitford's "Rienzi."

The Brighton Branch offer the following books. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, Brighton, Mass. "Summerland Sketches," Felix Oswald; "Sisters Abroad, and Italian Journey"; "Evenings at Home"; "Lectures to Young Women," Eliot; "Angel Whispers," Daniel C. Eddy; "Zegelda Romanief" (a story of music), Charles Barnard; Appleton's "Third Reader"; Eaton's "Common School Arithmetic"; *Cosmopolitan*, 1895; also six months each 1893, 1894, 1896. *North American Review*, 1893, 1894, 1895; *Youth's Companion*, 1896 (three months); odd numbers of *Kindergarten News* and *New England Magazine; McClure's*, 1895 (incomplete).

Mrs. A. F. Wadsworth, 5 Louisburg Square, Boston, Mass., offers the following books: "The Drama," Henry Irving; "The Princess of Alaska," Richard Henry Savage; "Scune," Valdes; "Perley Cross," R. D. Blackmore; "Mad Sir Uchtred," S. R. Crockett..

Mrs. W. H. Tillinghast, 50 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass., offers the *Nation* for 1898.

Any one wishing the *Christian Register* for 1898, please address Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

REQUESTS.

Libraries.

Standing requests for libraries from : —

Mrs. O. A. Langston, Sidney, Comanche County, Texas;

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado;

Mr. Davis M'Carn, Anamosa, Iowa;

Mrs. D. Jayne, Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama;

Mrs. Isadore E. Rice, Oakland, Oregon.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Lucy Davis, St. Just, Virginia, asks for "Samantha at the World's Fair."

Mrs. Ella McNamara, Deer Creek, Minnesota, asks for "Marcella."

Mrs. Helen M. Hutchinson, Custer, South Dakota, would be very glad to receive Smith's "Bible Dictionary," "Bagster Bible," and a "History of the United States."

Leo Durain, Medford, Oklahoma, asks for the "Young Rover." Any books suitable for young people will be used to advantage by his mother, Mrs. E. L. Durain, Medford, Oklahoma.

Miss Sadie Engell, Seward, New York, asks for "Samantha at Saratoga," "Kate Carnegie," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Singularly Divided," "Flight of the Shadow."

Mrs. Bettie E. Andrews, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, will be glad to receive any good reading, and will lend to others. Mrs. Andrews will be glad of old magazines.

Mrs. P. B. Rucker, Forks of Buffalo, Amherst County, Virginia, asks for the "Lamplighter," "Children of the Abbey," or Scott's, Longfellow's, or Whittier's works and lives. Has a husband and two children, and is very poor and unable to buy books.

Mrs. Ellen Oliver, Nonah, Macon County, North Carolina, living on a farm eight miles from any town, with her husband, an invalid for three years, and children to care for, asks for reading to cheer the lonely hours.

I wish to thank the many friends who have been so kind to me. I have received *The Cheerful Letter* regular, and thank the friend who sends it. Another friend has also been most kind. She has sent me regularly *Harper's Magazine*, which is a great treat to many of us. We read most of them at our literary meeting, and then the magazines are passed on from one to another; and they brighten many a weary hour before we see them again.

If some one would send me a "Speaker" of some kind, we would thank them, as the children have spoken the pieces out of their school-books until they are old. Would like, too, to have Wentworth and Hill's "Exercises in Arithmetic," and any other reading matter. Charles De Roche, Waterloo, Oklahoma Territory.

Mrs. V. L. Covington, Polkton, North Carolina, asks for any reading for herself and family.

Mrs. L. I. Elliott, Tom Bean, Grayson County, Texas, "hopes her *Cheerful Letter* friends have not forgotten her, and wishes for something to read."

Mrs. Bettie Hundley, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, asks for "Geography," "Grammar," "Third Reader," and an "Arithmetic."

Miss Mamie L. Pedigo, The Hollow, Virginia, would be glad of "English Orphans."

Many a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall because a few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifices of moral and social improvement can never be erected on the ruins of charity.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

ANAGRAM.

Insert a word of six letters in each space, using the same letters in each word.

A —— sat in his —— gray,
Watching the moonbeams' —— play,
On a keg that in the bushes lay;
And thus to himself he sang,—
"O thou that —— the brave,
O thou that —— the strong,
To thee the —— of the battles belong";
And the leaves as they —— give back the song,
"John Barleycorn, my John."

CHARADES.

No. 1.

My *first*, beloved by many an ancient dame,
From the far Orient in my *second* came:
O wondrous *whole* of which each forms a part,
Thou art not science, but thou teachest art.

No. 2.

A monosyllable I am, and a reptile, I vow;
But, cut me in twain, I form syllables two.
I'm English, I'm Latin, the one and the other;
And what's Latin for one-half is English for t'other.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 37, 24, 31, 55, is an ancient city.

My 14, 27, 10, 43, is what David was.

My 5, 42, 29, 32, 3, is a book in the New Testament.

My 49, 32, 25, 22, 35, 9, 53, is a seed.

My 56, 14, 39, 47, 33, first entered the Promised Land.

My 48, 2, 30, 11, 8, was a noted woman in that land.

My 1, 50, 36, 45, was worshipped at one time.

My 33, 34, 44, 41, 24, 54, 1, 6, was put through a severe ordeal, but came out of it unharmed.

My 52, 15, 13, 46, 18, is what Samuel was when the Lord called him.

My 54, 40, 17, is where a sluggard is advised to go.

My 56, 4, 44, 26, 38, is often carried by pilgrims.

My 21, 16, 12, 28, 23, 20, was a brother of Peter.

My 5, 28, 7, 14, 30, 19, 51, 21, was a woman who was said to "labor in the Lord."

My whole is a verse in the Old Testament.

Answers to puzzles in March number.

RANDOM RHYMES.

1. "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy.
2. "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens.
3. "Very Hard Cash," by Charles Reade.
4. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by Mrs. F. H. Burnett.
5. "Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff."
6. "Little Women," by Miss L. M. Alcott.
7. "Heavenly Twins," by Sarah Grand.
8. "The Light that failed," by Rudyard Kipling.
9. "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace.
10. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
11. "The Man without a Country," by E. E. Hale.
12. "Hans Brinker," by Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. Lansing, Michigan.
2. Wheeling, Virginia.
3. Leeds, England.
4. Berne, Switzerland.
5. Ryde, Isle of Wight.
6. Orange, New Jersey.
7. La Crosse, Michigan.
8. Dublin, Ireland.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Articles for this department should be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline.*]

THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is lonely as heart can be;
And the cry of Rachel goes up from me
For the tender faces unforgot
Of the little children that are not,
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
But life goes forward, and will not stay.
And he who made it has made it right;
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight,
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
Violet-heaped, in the sweet grave-ground.
Twenty years they have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby head;
And oh, I know
She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead, only grown and gone away.
The hair of my darling is turning gray
That was golden once in the days so dear,
Over for many and many a year.
Yet I know—I know—
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright, brave boy is a grave-eyed man,
Facing the world as a worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again,
And so I know
I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life:
Back to his breast from the ended strife
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of him who was Child and Lord,
And I know that so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back,—with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed kingdom of children is!
My mother's arms are waiting for me:
I shall lay my head on my father's knee;
For so I know
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place
Where yet their angels behold God's face.
And, lo! we know
That only *the children* can see him so!

—*A. D. T. Whitney, in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE RIGHT TRAINING OF PARENTS.

(*Continued.*)

One of the most serious is a lack—in parents—of self-knowledge. They do not realize their own capabilities and powers for good or evil, and so find it impossible to develop or control like powers and capabilities in others. They do not see their own lack of discipline and self-control, and so are utterly unable to properly govern their little children. "Know thyself," said a wise philosopher. Were this the motto of parents, closely would follow that other rule in which all instruction to parents is condensed in one short sentence: "Be yourselves what you would have your children be." A fountain never rises higher than its source. A family is not apt to be better than its head. Nothing is more powerful than the silent and persuasive eloquence of example. Another evil consists in ignorance of the child. Its nature does not lie always on the surface. It cannot be understood at a glance. It has been called "virgin soil," "pure white unwritten paper," "plastic clay" in the hands of the potter.

Observation and experience show that, while it is in a certain sense all of these, it is also a field in which ancestors have been sowing seeds for generations, and in which germs of all kinds abound as in a tropical jungle.

The parents' duty is to watch for the first appearance of these germs, to strengthen and nourish those which will bring forth flowers, and to prune, train, or destroy those which left to themselves will be weeds. What wisdom, care, thought, and love are necessary to do this properly! As an apt illustration, notice that, in dealing with the vegetable kingdom, ignorant, impatient, careless hands never produce the best results. There must be knowledge of the seed, the soil, the climate. There must be patient waiting and watching, protection from enemies, pruning, transplanting, enriching, gradual hardening by wise exposure; in fact, the use of all means knowledge and love may dictate, that "the wilderness may blossom as the rose."

How carefully such a gardener watches the buds in plants and trees, and how little parents do in this respect! "A young and tender leaf, pierced with the finest needle, bears the mark all through its existence, as a constantly widening and hardening knot in its structure." How many such needle pricks do the tender souls receive through the failure of parents to understand them! It is said that a naturalist will glance at three hundred larvæ and tell instantly what food each requires. If parents would study their children, on whom their most precious hopes depend, with such carefulness, what great reward would follow!

Another evil which I will just hint at is the lack of a plan, or aim, perhaps I should say. No one ever builds a house or lays out a lawn or cuts a garment without much thought and determination beforehand as to what they want and mean to have. Necessarily, a rigid plan cannot be adhered to in

the training of children; but parents ought certainly to have a definite purpose in view as an aim, to attain which all their energies may be bent. Such a purpose does not always carry to the goal, but is sure to reach some kind of success, often greater than that aimed at.

Another evil is the lack of co-operation between parents. This may arise from difference of opinion as to the best ways of training, but oftener through the mistaken idea that it is the duty of the mother *alone* to bring up the children. Necessarily, much of the early training must rest upon her: it is her duty, her privilege. Her influence is superior to all others. It is never lost: it is all-powerful. "Being in league with the central power of the child's life, she may make it or mar it for time and for eternity." But this cannot release the father from the obligations resting upon him. The influence of both parents must be felt on the children, because there are elements peculiar to each. "The father-nature is different from that of the mother. They together meet different sides and susceptibilities of the child-nature. The father represents awe-inspiring elements, the mother the attractive and alluring elements of character; and these, blended and interwoven, form true culture." Without this harmony of action between parents, there must always be imperfect teaching and development in the children. Such education seems not easy to obtain, since neither schools nor colleges provide for it; and, if they did, these means would be within the reach of comparatively few. But how important it is that those who can have access to the ear of parents should endeavor to deepen their sense of responsibility, for time and eternity, for those little souls committed to their care! Weighted with this sense of responsibility, they would feel impelled to try to educate themselves. Their first thought would be to find out the plan which God himself had for their child before he sent it into the world. Inscrutable as this mystery seems to be, there are certain signs of intention which show themselves early in the child's organization, and to the close observer reveal enough of its soul to serve as a guiding light in its training. One who really desires to see will not be denied the power. Once divining something of God's will, the great aim must be to carry out his purpose for it. This could not fail to lead them to diligent self-searching and to careful study of the child-nature. And from this study must come to us a sense of our own deficiencies, which would impel us to a greater dependence upon God as the source of all knowledge and strength.

Julia M. Terhune, in "Childhood."

NATURAL HISTORY.

SCALLOPS.

It is possible that some of *The Cheerful Letter* readers may have turned disappointed from the "Notes on Clams," having hoped there to find new recipes for the cooking of that useful mollusk. I had therefore better give warning beforehand that the following notes on scallops have interest neither for the embroidery needle nor the stew pan.

And yet I am not quite sure as to the latter fact. I know that I found the labor of preparing oysters for an evening party less tedious when one of the force brought Morse's "First Book of Zoölogy" (Appleton, 1895) to the kitchen, and laid it open before her at page 45, and we learned that it was the "posterior adductor muscle" that we were removing, and also the significance of the various flaps and bulgings around it. We also learned that the small crabs which we sometimes found in our "quart of solid oysters" did not get in there accidentally, but had lived in the gill cavities of the oysters. It is Mrs. Crab who hides herself in this safe shelter. Her more venturesome husband is found swimming about in the ocean, when he is found at all; but he is much less often seen, and is quite different from her both in color and size.

Opinion is divided as to whether this little crab does any harm to the oyster or whether it is of use to it. Ernest Ingersoll, in "Country Cousins" (*Harper's*), says that it can slip in and out of the oyster's shell at will; and he quotes some suggestions on this subject made by Prof. Ryder in the Report of the Maryland Fish Commission in 1881. "Possibly the crab inside the shell catches and swallows food which in its entire state could not be taken by the oyster; but in any event the small crumbs which fall from the claws of the crab would be carried to the mouth of the oyster." They would have to

be very small, indeed. The mouth of an oyster is almost invisible. The second part of the story seems to me more probable. Prof. Ryder found the crab covered with colonies of "bell animalcules," microscopic water-creatures, which branch like plants, and have bell-like animals at the end of each branch. These animals are constantly dividing and throwing off free germs, which are "no doubt hurried along in the vortex created by the cilia of the gills and palps, carried to the mouth, and swallowed as part of the daily allowance of the food of the oyster."

"Scalloped oysters" are so called because they used to be cooked in the shells of the scallop. Curiously enough, when the scallop itself is cooked, it is only the posterior large muscle that is eaten, the very part that we cut out and throw away in cooking oysters.

The scallop is nearly related to the oyster; but, whereas the oyster is attached, the scallop is endowed with unusual powers of locomotion, actually swimming about in the water. "This swimming, which is somewhat rare among bivalve mollusks, is effected by rapidly opening and closing the valves of the shell, the result being a semi-aquatic flight in a backward direction."

Our common species, abundant on the southern shore of Massachusetts, but not about Boston, is *Pecten irradians*. The color varies considerably; and one of my books says that the flat valve is always lighter than the other, being often white. I have, however, found young animals on the shore at Monument Beach which had both valves white, and others with both valves dark gray. These young scallops are often beautifully marked, some being mottled, some rayed, and some zoned; but the adult shell is usually dull colored.

A pure white scallop, with "the bubbles of the latest wave" giving "fresh pearls to its enamel" and the slightly gaping shell showing a row of deep blue eyes around the edges of the fringed mantle, is a most lovely object.

As there are about 200 living species of Pecten, and some of the kinds are found in every sea of the world, we rarely receive a little collection of shells from Europe, Asia, or Africa, or the "Isles of the Sea," without one or more kinds of scallops among the other shells. We can recognize them by the terminal beak, not twisted or turned in either direction, with a more or less developed ear-like process on either side of it, coarse or fine ribs radiating from the beak, and the front and back half of the valve are alike.

The front and back ears of the beak are not quite alike, the front being usually larger; and the front ear of the right valve has a notch at its base, called a byssal notch, though, as the byssus is spun by the foot, I do not quite see how it can be at the top of the shell. It would seem as if the scallop were trying to put its foot in its mouth; and, though it has a small foot for a bivalve, its mouth is infinitesimal.

I was looking for seaweeds one day along the shore of Buzzard's Bay, when I became startled by hearing all around me on the mud flats,—now at my right, now at my left,—like the cannon at Balaklava, not volleyings and thunderings, but strange and unaccountable rustlings and snappings, although, as I looked about me, not a creature was in sight. Rather frightened by these weird noises, I looked again a little lower, and found that they proceeded from a number of large scallops scattered over the flats. I think my memory does not play me false when I assert that these creatures were jumping about. I have read that they have been known to leap out of a boat, and that one on a fish stall will keep slowly opening its shell, and then closing it with a snap. I should have thought that it might open with a snap, but must close slowly on account of fitting into each other the fluted edges of the shell; but no doubt the animal knows its own affairs best.

MUSSELS.

In some books you will find these animals called "Muscles," and in some "Mussels." I think the latter is the more usual method, although the name is perhaps derived from the large muscle, the most conspicuous object when one opens a shell.

We have three common species,—the ribbed mussel, the horse mussel, and the edible mussel. I generally find ribbed mussels on muddy shores, horse mussels washed up after storms, usually in clusters, fastened together by their byssus, or silken threads spun by the foot, and with large seaweeds growing upon them; and the edible mus-

sels—the commonest of all—cover the rocks all along the coast or grow in masses on muddy shores,—their brown silky byssus is often an inch long. It is one of my "confessions of an unobservant naturalist" that I formerly confounded the horse mussel and the edible mussel; but it is easy to distinguish them, when one notices that the former is rounded at the beak and the latter is sharp pointed. The edible mussel, or *Mytilus edulis*, is also dark blue in color; and the horse mussel, or *Modiola modiolus*, is apt to be brown, and sometimes is partly covered with a shaggy coat, which is, in fact, the epidermis, prolonged into a shredded fringe at the lines of growth.

ARKS.

Members of the ark family are interesting on account of the hinge area, which has a long row of teeth instead of merely two or three. We are very apt to find one or more shells of this family in the collections from foreign countries, and a few species are found on our own shores. A true "ark shell" is found south of Cape Cod.

C. H. Clarke.

MR. LAMMERKIN'S ENDEAVORS.

I'm neither a "mejum" nor a mind-reader, but I can give a pretty good guess as to the time when John first thought of our employing hired help. In my opinion, this happened one day when I was not feeling well; and he offered to do the work. John is one of the kindest-hearted men. He bolstered me up on the front-room lounge, half smothering me in shawls; and said he, "Now, Elinor, I can stay in the house today as well as not; and, if you'll make out a list of the things you were going to do this forenoon, I'll do them just like a book." So I mentioned the principal things, and he wrote them down.

Get children ready for school; wash dishes; sweep; make the beds; fill the lamps; see to the baby; rub the knives; make a stew for dinner; make mush for dinner; skim the milk; work over yesterday's butter; bake the bread; iron the baby's flannel petticoat; hang out some clothes left in soak since Monday; bake a pie for supper. There was a piece of pie-crust in the basin, I told him, so all he would have to do was to roll it out and cover the plate, and put in the mince and cover that over.

I lay where I could look into the kitchen. The baby was close by me, in his cradle; and I managed to tend him the greater part of the forenoon. John acted quite handy in getting the children ready for school, though Nellie B.'s parting did look some like a "herring-bone pattern"; and in clearing off the table I couldn't have done better myself, except that he took a good deal of time for it. "The best way," said he, "is to go on with regularity, and not get hurried and flurried." He scraped every dish as clean as a whistle, and piled them up in piles, the small ones at the top, and got the pan, and went to pour out the dish-water. "Why," said he, "there isn't a cupful!"

"The kettle ought to have been filled up," said I. "You have to look out about that."

He filled up the kettle, and said he believed he would sweep the kitchen. He carried out all the mats and shook them. "This ought to be done every day," said he, and moved the furniture into the middle of the floor, "so as to go thorough," he said, and began to sprinkle the floor; but the baby cried then, and would not be pacified.

"He wants his bottle," said I.

John brought the milk out from the back buttery, and warmed it on the stove, and then said the bottle smelled sour.

"Yes," said I, "you have to look out about that. It wants scalding. You'll have to take him." He carried him around while the water was heating, and let him lie on the floor and cry while the bottle was being scalded and the milk poured in, then put him in the cradle, then set back the furniture, and then went on with his dishes in first-rate style. When they were about half-done, he suddenly cried out,—

"Gracious!"

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Why," said he, "the dough is rising over and running down on the hearth!"

"Oh, I suppose so by this time," said I. "You have to look out about that. It ought to go into the pans; but just give it a stir now, and let it wait."

He had hardly done this, and scraped the dough off the hearth, and begun on his dishes again, when the meat-cart stopped at the gate. He wiped his hands, and

slipped on his coat, and ran out and bought the meat for the stew. I told him it ought to go right over the fire. So he got the dinner-pot, and wouldn't have thought of washing the meat; but I mentioned it to him, and told him how much water, and to set it in one of the back places where it would do gradually. By this time the dish-water had grown cold. So he poured it off, and went to the kettle; but there wasn't very much hot,—he forgot to fill the kettle again,—so he went to work on the dough, and kneaded that over, after a fashion of his own, and dumped it into the pans, then finished the dishes, then rubbed the knives, then filled the lamps and washed them all in soap-suds,—on account of letting the kerosene run over,—then swept the room, without moving all the furniture out this time, then went upstairs and made the beds, then brought me the pans to see if the dough were risen enough. I said it must be baked immediately, but that the oven must not be too hot at the beginning. He stepped back with it.

"There's no danger," said he. "Why, the oven's scarcely warm. There isn't very much fire."

"Oh," said I, "the fire has to be attended to when there's anything to bake. You have to look out about that."

"You've said that four times," said he.

"I won't say it any more," said I. "Set it in a cold place, and start the fire."

"There's nothing but large wood here," said he.

"Johnny ought to have been made to bring in some dry stuff before he went to school," said I. "You have to loo— I mean he's very apt to forget his chores."

John ran out in a hurry, and I'll own it did not distress me to hear him hacking away at the woodpile; for I've done the same thing myself, and I like him to know what it was to want to start a fire in a hurry, and have nothing to start it up with. He soon came back with a whole armful of dry stuff, and put a good deal of it in and opened all the dampers, and set the old stove a-roaring so I thought the chimney would get afire; and I called out to him for goodness' sake to shut the dampers quick, and put in something solid.—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Woman's Journal.*

(To be continued.)

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

My dear Friends,—For the next few months I shall be still farther away than now from my shut-in correspondents,—"in presence, not in heart." While I am on the other side of the sea, the paper will be edited by our secretary, Miss Langmaid; and everything usually sent to me will go to her.

The various departments will remain in the same hands as before. Perhaps there will be improvements while the editor is absent. It is often the case that a change of editor does a paper good, giving every one a new impulse.

May I call attention to one point, which, if observed, may save some inconvenience? All the requests for books should go to Mrs. Nichols, the secretary of the Book Club (except, of course, requests for books offered, which go to those who offer them). But a great many people still send the requests to the editor. Now, while the editor is away, these notes will probably not reach the Book Club at all, but will lie unopened. So, if you want to have your requests printed, be sure to send them to Mrs. Nichols.

Perhaps, if anything on the journey seems worth telling, *The Cheerful Letter* may receive a few lines, dated Venice, Paris, London, or—who knows whence? signed

L. F. C.

What is heaven but to return to God, to cease from selfish ends, to give ourselves to true and noble purposes? Those who live pure and generous lives have tasted already "the powers of the world to come."

I call it a sacramental occasion when any soul full of the love of God and man strives to help another soul. Something more convincing than argument, more weighty than reason, makes of that hour a sacramental hour and of that office a priesthood.

In the spring days you are only conscious of the exquisite life that is all about you. You do not see how the petals of the rose unfold, how the violet grows, or by what subtile process it distils and scatters its perfume. . . . You see only result. You hear no voice. So with the approval of God to the soul, so when he possesses us. . . . God comes down and takes possession silently, and makes peace in us.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO INCREASE OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST, AND THEREFORE ASK OUR FRIENDS IF EACH WILL TRY TO GET US ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER THIS YEAR.

2,000 SUBSCRIBERS WOULD PUT OUR PAPER ON A GOOD FINANCIAL BASIS, AND ENABLE US TO DO BETTER WORK. THOSE NOT WISHING THE PAPER SENT TO THEM CAN HAVE IT SENT DIRECT FROM THE OFFICE TO A "SHUT-IN."

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on the first Friday in April at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

We fear that some of our subscribers have the impression that by subscribing for *The Cheerful Letter* they will be sure to receive books. The Book Club has proved an attractive department of our paper; and many of our subscribers are interested in sending books to those who are unable otherwise to obtain them. But we engage only to keep the Book Club open for offers and requests, and that under certain conditions.

We remind all who send parcels or boxes with books, papers, etc., to correspondents or to libraries, that it is absolutely necessary to write at the same time to the receiver, enclosing the receipt which shows that the express or freight charges on the package have been paid. For want of this precaution, valuable packages have never been received. It is not probable that any of our *Cheerful Letter* friends send packages without prepaying them, but it is a common mistake of the express agents to charge the receiver for a prepaid package.

N.B.—PLEASE READ DIRECTIONS AT BEGINNING OF BOOK CLUB BEFORE WRITING FOR BOOKS.

Subscribers to *The Cheerful Letter* are kindly requested to send subscriptions to the *Treasurer*, not to the Editor.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (Secretary Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the Editor these letters are in some cases postponed; in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Many of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Nichols; and to Miss Clarke only articles for insertion in the paper (not Book Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.